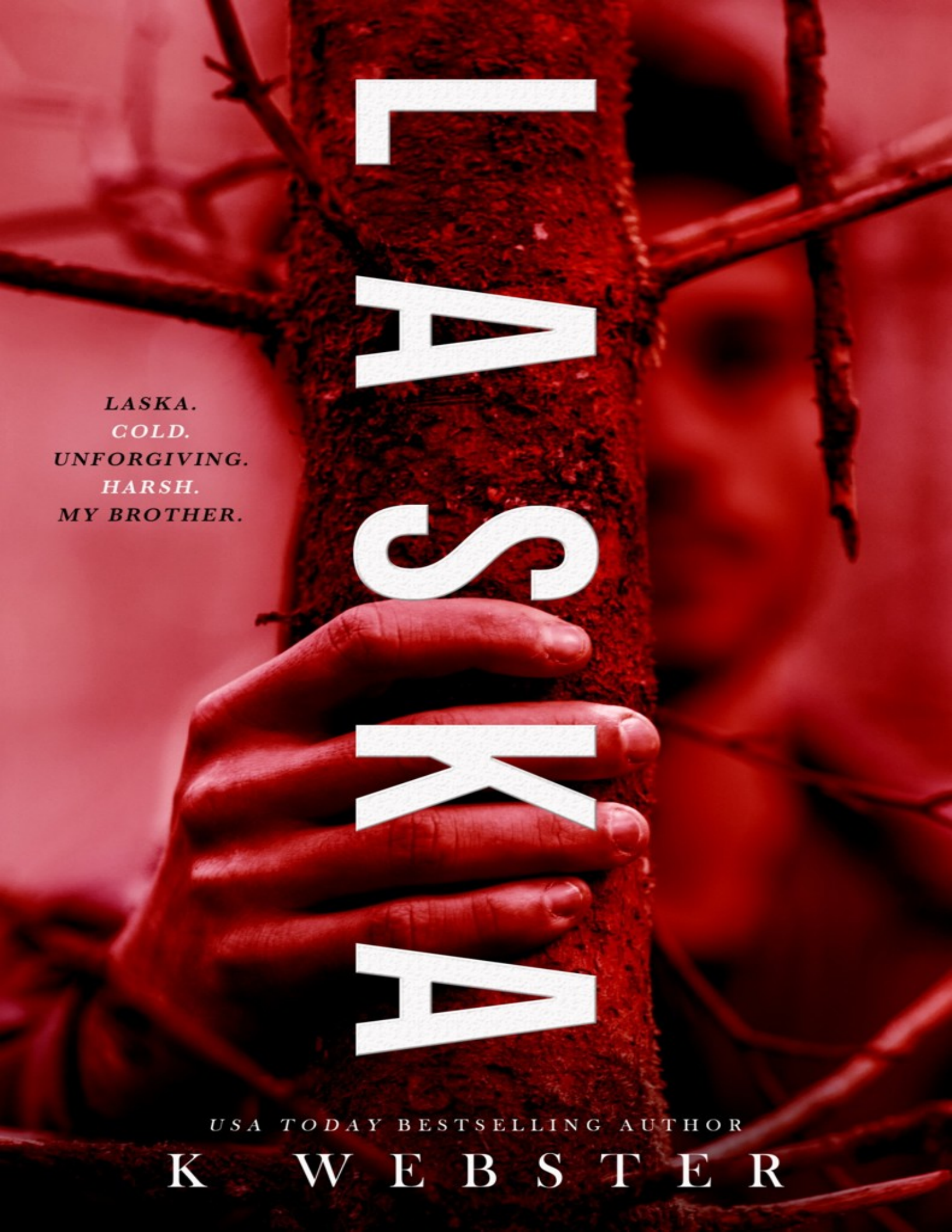
LASKA.
LASKA.
COLD.
UNFORGIVING.
HARSH.
MY BROTHER.
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
K WEBSTER

Laska

By K Webster

Laska

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Warning:

This book is beyond dark.

I'd dare to even call it horror if it weren't for the love story woven in between the blood and torture and incest.

You might pass this book up and catch the next one…

Unless you like a challenge.

In that case, I'm about to challenge your gag reflex and your morals.

Let's ride, y'all.

Chapter One
Aspen

Laska.

Cold. Unforgiving. Harsh.

My brother.

He's the backbone and the strength of our small family. Sure, Dad is technically bigger and stronger, but Laska is just…*more*. Intelligent and clever and the best at everything. When times are rough, it's Laska who pulls us through. When food is scarce, it's Laska who provides the bait and traps and weapons needed to hunt. When it's colder than hell, it's Laska who keeps us warm.

For as long as I can remember, Laska has been the cold, pale moon hanging above me, giving me something to look up to. Something to light up my darkness.

The bush is a place where our kind migrate when society no longer has a use for us. My brother and I were both born in the Alaskan wilderness. Mom was one of us, but then ten years ago, she decided she'd had enough and left.

Left us behind for a better life.

People.

Modern conveniences.

Safety.

Dad didn't follow and wouldn't let us either. He kept us in the harshest part of Alaska because that was our home. He and Uncle Ron did their best to create a community of our two families. When Uncle Ron's wife died, our homestead was fractured even further.

Where Dad and Laska grew stronger out of necessity, I became needy and weak.

Crack.

I cock my head to the side, listening intently, just how Laska taught me. If it were an animal, the cracking would continue. A single crack usually means a human. Sneaky and quiet. I grip my shotgun tight, eager to shoot it.

Slowly, I inhale a deep breath, hoping to catch a whiff of him.

Laska.

Earthy, dark, sweet.

Not him.

Disappointment rushes through my veins like that of our nearby river. It's cold and cruel and will sweep me away with its current if I let it. Truth is, I miss him. He's been gone too long. Feels like forever. When he's on his trips to town, Dad and I don't mention him or speak much at all. Dad spends his time hunting and skinning whereas I retreat into the woods and bask in the solitude because it's better than waiting in an empty cabin. At least in the woods, I don't feel trapped by my loneliness. In the woods, hope whispers in the trees, reminding me Laska will come back. He always does.

When he returns, it's always bearing gifts. His blue eyes glitter with anticipation, as though my reaction is his gift in return. Even if I don't understand the things he brings from town, I always smile and thank him. It's what he wants, and I always give my brother what he wants.

I try not to let doubt creep in. The dark part of my mind that likes to tease and taunt me, telling me he'll like that faster life better than our slower one. That he'll choose to live with Mom and leave us alone. I barely managed to keep it together when she left. Something broke inside me. Shriveled up and died. I ached for years after. Cried every night as Laska held me, assuring me all would be okay.

I hated her for what she did to us.

And now I hate her even more because he seems to go to town more and more for supplies, leaving us for longer stretches of time.

It's been nearly two weeks.

Last night, I wanted to die. I cried myself to sleep, nearly suffocating myself with my pillow as I tried to stifle the sounds so Dad wouldn't hear. Laska and I recently built the small cabin beside Dad's in an effort to crawl out from under his gruff influence, but it's not like we can't hear each other on a quiet night. We're men now and don't need to live with our dad. I just need my brother. Sometimes I need Laska so much it scares me. Because if he ever decides to leave for good, he'll take that other unbroken part of me Mom left behind.

I'll be left with nothing.

The maddening thoughts consume me more and more the longer he's gone. I'm itching to hunt, shoot, kill. At least when I'm away from the homestead and in the wilderness I'm able to get my hands a little bloody. The violent attacks on the helpless animals soothe my brittle soul. I can pretend I'm more animal than human. That I don't have to think or speak. I can just hunt and stalk and live off the land.

Crack.

It has to be Juniper. She's my sneaky little cousin who likes to spy on Dad. I find it curious the way she touches her body when she watches him, her hand moving wildly in her pants. The only person I've ever watched like that is my brother.

My dick twitches.

I think of the first time I became aware of his body. We weren't but thirteen and fourteen when we'd stripped to swim in the river one summer. The two of us had been wrestling around in the water when my hand brushed against his dick. Immediately, mine went hard. I'd been so shocked, I jerked my hand back, glowering at him. Slowly, he turned his body and stared back at me, one corner of his lips twitching.

He was amused.

Somehow he knew what had happened and it was funny to him.

Shame courses through me. I'm not unlike Juniper in the way that I watch him a lot. His mouth when he speaks. The darkening of his blue eyes when he's angry. All the curves of his muscular body as he does chores, shirtless when the weather is warm.

I'm aching to undo my pants and pull my dick out. To close my eyes and stroke it, imagining Laska were the one doing it instead.

In an effort to ignore my thoughts, I start walking. Swiftly and silently through the brush. Snow will come soon and we're nearly ready. Dad and I have been hunting as much as possible. Laska will eventually show up with other supplies. I'm looking forward to spending a few lazy mornings by the fire with my brother, whispering for him to tell me about movie theaters and drive through restaurants and motorcycles.

I'm lost in thought when I realize I've wandered at least a mile from the homestead. I'm near the base of a mountain and the wind whistles alongside it, chilly and promising of a cold winter coming.

Crack.

Someone's here. Not something, someone.

"Juniper, stop fuckin' following me."

My voice echoes against the rock and then gets lost to the wind. I wait patiently. Nothing.

"Dad?"

Nothing.

"Laska?"

That one’s just wishful thinking and comes out as a whisper. I miss him so damn much. Blinking away the stinging in my eyes, I turn and begin trekking back toward home. My eyes are on my boots as I try to see in the growing darkness.

Crack.

Crack.

Crack.

Footsteps. Loud and clear. Right in front of me.

I squint in the darkness, trying to make out the features of the man. Not Dad or Laska or Uncle Ron or my cousin Jacob. Someone else. Another bushman like us. Older like dad but with less gray. Tall, dark beard, broad shoulders.

“Why are you following me?” I demand, slowly raising my weapon.

He cracks his neck. “Put it down, boy.”

Terror crawls up my spine. “No.”

“I said put it down. Don’t make me take it from you.”

“What do you want?”

“I want you to put down the fuckin’ gun, kid. Don’t make me hurt you.”

“You want to take my gun?” I hiss. “Then you’ll be on your way?”

His laugh is cold. “I don’t want your gun. I just want you to put it down.”

“Why?”

Crack. Crack. Crack.

I lift my gun until it’s pointing at his head, which is now just a few feet away since he creeped up on me so quickly. “Don’t take another step.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” he sneers.

He doesn’t move forward, but his arms are long, and he grabs my gun, jerking it past him. My finger yanks on the trigger as I’m jolted toward him, making a shot fire loudly. I bellow when he rips the gun from my grip and throws it.

I attempt to swing at him like Dad taught me, but the man is fast and dodges my hit. He twists me around and he bears down on me, sending us both crashing to the cold ground. Blood floods my mouth where I’ve bitten down on my tongue from the fall. I struggle, wondering if he’ll stab me to death or put my own gun to my head.

He does worse.

His meaty paw gropes my ass.

What the fuck?

“What are you doing?” I howl, squirming beneath him.

“Ain’t fucked in a while, kid. The girl back yonder always has the big guy around her, but you, you have no one.”

His words chill me to my bones.

No one.

I have no one.

I’m vaguely aware of the fact he’s yanking down my pants. The cold on my ass is chilling, but I’m numb. Something makes a sad, aching sound. Low and haunting.

It’s me.

The hot tears running down my cheeks are mine.

I don’t know what’s happening, but it’s not right, that much I do know.

Like when Mom left, I shut myself down and hid.

In the dark.

Dark.

Dark.

FUCK!

Pain sears into me like a knife hot from being held in a fire. But this isn’t a knife. It’s his dick and he’s putting it inside my ass. I scream, no longer interested in hiding inside my head. I claw at the earth, sobbing as I try to escape the one brutalizing me. The pain is so intense, it’s blinding.

“Yes,” the man groans, thrusting his hips forcefully into me, “that’s it. Fucking take it, boy.”

All I can do is cry because it hurts so fucking bad.

I’m weak.

I always was.

I was never Laska or Dad.

I’m like Mom. Unable to handle the wilderness and the predators in it.

His thrusting intensifies, like he’s chasing after something. There’s nothing to chase because he already caught me. I’m the prey and he’s killing me all too quickly.

“Laska,” I whimper. “Laska.”

The pain overwhelms me and I pass out.

Chapter Two
Laska

I didn't want to come hunting for my brother when I was tired as fuck, but it didn't feel right going to bed without seeing him first. Dad and Juniper didn't know where he was, which meant he was going batshit crazy without me.

The thought warms me.

I didn't mean to leave him for so long. I was just taking care of some shit. Getting laid was one of those things. It's hard to find a piece of ass when you live with your dad on a small tract of land with nothing but family.

The sex in the truck stop bathroom did nothing to sate me. If anything, I felt worse. Fucking disgusting and deplorable. I'd felt euphoria for the whole brief moment as I shot my load inside the condom, but then it was over. Self-loathing crept back in all too quickly.

I'd all but run out of there, eager to finally get back home to my family.

To him.

Aspen needs me. I've always known this. I need him too, though I'm better at hiding it. When Mom bailed on us, I was left with a destroyed little brother. His blue eyes flickered and I worried to hell that they'd go all the way out. I clung to him, desperate to keep him tethered to me. Aspen is my best and only friend. Sure, I have some guys I hang out with when I go to town, but it's not the same. Aspen is weaved into my heart and soul. He knows me like no one else does. I like that we don't have to speak most days and he knows exactly how I'm feeling.

The moment I stepped onto our property, the need to see him increased to the point I was dizzy. When in town, it's easy to block out this part of my life, but when I'm here, I crave my brother's presence.

Where the hell is he?

Shouts capture my attention. Yelling. Then terrified screams. *His* screams. I take off running, as fast as my legs will carry me, and pull out my .45 from the back of my jeans. It's new—something I hustled up while in town this trip. I've yet to shoot it, but I won't think twice about doing it.

The woods can be brutal. The creatures violent. The climate unforgiving.

But it's none of these things.

It is a man.

His bare ass on display as he thrusts. It doesn't take much to figure out what he's doing to *my fucking brother*. Rage explodes inside of me, hot and violent. I charge toward them with one thing on my mind.

Death.

Kill. Kill. Kill.

Pop!

The man stops his thrusting and falls against my brother. I grab the back of his coat and yank him away. Aspen cries out as the man's dick jerks out of him. Flipping the man onto his back, I glower down at him. His eye's blown the fuck out. It doesn't stop me from unloading— *pop-pop-pop-pop-pop*—five more bullets into his face, leaving it a meaty mess.

My ears ring from the shots. I can't hear if my brother is speaking. I don't need to hear. I simply need to help him. With gentle movements, I tug his pants up, covering his ass. I ease him to his feet and wrap his arm over my shoulders. His entire body trembles and I know it's not from the cold. It's from that motherfucker who thought he could hurt my brother and get away with it.

"I'm here now," I murmur, keeping my words soft. "I'm not leaving again."

Not now. Not ever.

I'd already decided it before I came back home, but this solidifies it. Aspen needs me and I'll be damned if I let him stay out here to fend for himself when he has me to do it for him.

I'm his protector.

Always have been.

His brother. His guide. His nurturer. His teacher. His everything.

The walk back to the homestead is a long one. Aspen cries the whole way, whittling pieces of my heart with each sniffle. How dare that man break my brother? By the time we reach the homestead, I'm about to explode with rage. I want to hack that man up with an ax and feed him to the wolves piece by piece. If I didn't think Dad would lose his shit, I'd cut off that offending piece of the man, shove a fucking stick through it, roast it on the fire, and share it with my brother.

Only animals.

Not humans.

Dad has had to remind me that many times over the years. I won't tell him the urge to taste someone—especially someone who hurt my brother—is such an intense craving, I can barely ignore it.

Right now, I focus on Aspen. Dad's cabin is dark, which means he's already gone to bed. We slip inside our own cabin without having to answer any questions. I guide my brother to the room we share and am thankful to get him safely inside. He's trembling and his red cheeks are tearstained. So reminiscent of when Mom left us.

My poor boy.

I yank off my gloves and run my calloused thumbs over his cheeks, swiping away the wetness. "You're safe, little ember."

Normally, my pet names earn me smiles.

Aspen is not smiling.

His blue eyes are deadening with each passing second. I always thought he was too fragile—too close to something soul sucking—but I didn't think I'd watch him ever fully break. Not when he has me to keep him together.

I quickly start removing his clothes. When I get to his pants, he whines. Leaning in, I kiss his neck near his ear softly. "It's Laska. I have you. You're mine to look after."

The stiffness in his spine relaxes some, giving me hope that I can make it all better. I quickly pull off his pants. His cock is hard and juts out at me. It makes my own dick twitch with excitement. A whining sound escapes him as he realizes he's hard. Our eyes meet and self-hatred burns in his.

"What's wrong?" I demand.

"He hurt me but…" His chin wobbles.

"But you got hard?"

A tear races down his cheek. I swipe it away again with my thumb. He stares at me like I have all the answers. Like I know all of life's mysteries.

"It's because you're gay, Asp," I murmur, my mouth close to his. "And you just had your first sexual encounter. It was horrible, but your body recognized what it wants."

A sob escapes him. "Dad will kill me. We're supposed to take wives."

The thought of Dad killing Aspen has me wanting to march over there and slit his throat while he sleeps. “Dad won’t do shit, little ember.”

This time, his lips twitch like he might smile. “You’ll protect me from him?”

“From everyone,” I vow.

My words satisfy him. He crawls onto our nest of blankets near the fire, drawing my pillow to his face. I kneel to cover his naked body and then strip down myself. Something settles inside my bones. A fierce need to claim. I’d be a dick if I did that to him now, though. After all these years, ignoring the burning intensity between us, and seeking that passion elsewhere. It’s unfair to him to sidle up behind him like old times, but instead of cuddling, slide my aching dick between his cheeks to take what we both want.

Fuck.

My dick is practically throbbing. I want inside him, but who the fuck knows how he’s feeling after that man ravaged him. Pushing out those maddening thoughts of someone taking the boy I love and stealing what belongs to me, I rekindle the fire, grab one of my bag, and crawl into bed with him. Once I’m lying on my side, both of us facing each other, I speak.

“I brought you something.”

His head tilts up to meet mine. Blue eyes flicker with life. “Candy?”

My sweet boy loves candy.

“Of course,” I say with a smile. “I also brought this.” I hold up a bottle of lube.

His eyes squint as he studies the bottle. “You drink it?”

“You rub it on your dick,” I tell him, my gaze dropping to his plump lips. “Makes it slide in and out much easier.”

He scoots closer, his hard dick brushing against mine, making me shiver with need. Of all the truck stop affairs I’ve had, none of them made me feel like Aspen does. It was just a means to an end. I was given supplies, money, and information. I got off in the process too. But none of it could even remotely come close to the way it feels being touched by my brother.

“Where does it slide in and out of?” His voice is breathy and uneven. “Your hand?”

“Inside a woman’s cunt if you’re into that.”

He makes a sour face, which makes me chuckle.

“Or inside a man’s ass.” I lean forward so my lips brush his, waiting for him to pull away, but he doesn’t. “Inside my ass.”

His sharp intake of breath makes my cock seep with need. I’d wanted our first encounter to be me taking him. But now that he’s been brutalized, I can’t do that to him. I love him too much to hurt him. The truckers I fuck also like to fuck me. My ass has seen its fair share of dick. I can do this for him. For us.

“Asp, my delicate little brother, I want you to put your hard dick inside me. I want you to claim me. And when you’re all better, I want to claim you too.”

He leans forward, his hands pawing at me as though he can’t take another minute without touching me. I nuzzle my nose against his and then kiss his mouth. His dark facial hair that only grows in scruffily scratches against mine. Neither of us can grow a full beard like Dad or Uncle Ron can. I don’t mind. I like looking somewhat civilized when I go to town. I love that Aspen is just like me.

“Laska,” he breathes my name like a prayer.

It’s all the access I need. My tongue slides into his mouth and I taste him. His flavor is unique—salty and a bit of sweet. It makes me ravenous for him. It doesn’t take long for him to understand the art of kissing with tongue. I’ve practiced it a few times with some guys in town, but it never made me feel like my veins were on fire. He groans, practically pouncing on me. His body rubs against mine as he pins me to the bed, kissing me deeply.

I grab the lube bottle, only breaking free from our kiss long enough to pour some on my hand, and then I stroke it on over his cock. He makes a strangled sound of pleasure that has me grinning with satisfaction against his lips.

“Fuck me, brother. I’ve wanted this for way too long.”

My words set him off. For someone inexperienced, he sure learns quickly. He spreads my legs apart, rutting his slick dick against my own dick and balls. I growl and hiss, so damn needy for this moment.

“Mine,” he bites out. “You’re mine.”

“I always was.”

He smiles, so rare and beautiful, before gripping his dick to probe at me. When he finds the puckered hole, his features tighten with determination as he presses into me.

“That’s it,” I croon. “I want you inside me.”

Chapter Three
Aspen

I must be dreaming.

This can't be real.

The man from the woods must have split me in two and I died. Surely. Because being naked with my brother and putting my dick inside him can't be real.

Yet, his asshole sucks in the head of my cock. Like it belongs there. I nearly choke from the pleasure of it. Slowly, I ease into him, feeling every nerve ending coming alive all at once. My ass hurts from being brutally ravaged, but the pleasure I'm feeling overrides that pain. The heavy breathing of my brother and the way he strokes his fingers over my bare shoulders is a balm to my battered soul. The lube allows me to slide all the way into him without hindrance. My balls are heavy with the need to release, but I don't want to go so quickly. Rather than thrusting like I want to, I find my brother's mouth and kiss him again. I like his tongue in my mouth. It belongs there.

"You feel so good inside me," he breathes.

I steal away his words with my greedy tongue. Licking away each word as my body detonates. With a growl rumbling up my throat, I thrust. He moans loud enough to wake Dad next door and I don't care. I don't care what anyone thinks. If Dad has a problem, I'll destroy him.

Nothing else matters but Laska.

Laska. Laska. Laska.

Mine.

I'm thrusting hard. Probably too hard. Like the man in the woods. Guilt rises up inside me, but Laska likes it. Laska is stronger than me. Laska can take it.

"Oh fuck," I cry out as my nuts seize up. "I'm gonna…"

Pleasure explodes from me as I come inside my brother. My dick throbs out its release, shooting deep inside him. I claim him in this moment. Like a wolf would claim its mate. My brother is my mate. My partner. My lover. Anyone who dares suggest otherwise can meet the end of my shotgun. It's in this moment I realize I want him to claim me too. I hate that the man from the woods took that from us.

As though reading my mind, Laska strokes my hair from my eyes. "Soon I'll be inside you too. When you feel ready."

My dick has softened now that I came and I slide out of him. I fall against his strong chest. I am curious to touch everywhere. I grab the bottle of helpful lube and slide off him enough that I can pour some on his dick. I want him to feel good like I did. The moment I wrap my hand around his dick, he moans. My brother is so strong and powerful, yet he seems so vulnerable in my grip. A little flutter in my heart suggests I love our equal footing in this bed. Easily, I stroke his impressive cock, bringing him quickly to pleasure like I would myself. But rather than using my own spit, the lube makes it feel so much better. Within seconds, he spills his seed all over his stomach. I run my fingertip through the salty cum and bring it to my lips. He smirks as I taste him.

"Why haven't we been doing this all along?" I ask him, already scooping up more of his cum on my fingers. "I feel complete right now."

"I let Dad's ways get inside my head," he admits with a frown. "I won't let that happen again."

I move down my brother's muscular chest to the cum that still pools on his stomach. He affectionately pets my hair as I lick away all the salty remnants. When I'm finished, he pulls me to him and tells me to sleep.

Sated and loved, I fall deeply into the darkness.

Laska is here.

He will protect me.

The best part is, I can feel it in the air thrumming between us. He won't ever leave me again. We're together as we should be. For now and always.

***

I wake to the smell of breakfast cooking. Laska always brings new flavors back from town. My favorite is the Old Bay seasoning. It makes my stomach grumble when he dusts the meat with it and sears it. After my long trek in the woods last night, the man, and then fucking my brother several times in the night, I'm famished.

"You've been out?" I croak when I peek my eyes open. He's fully dressed and his face is pink from the cold.

"Someone had to fetch breakfast," he says, glancing over his shoulder to smile at me.

I admire my brother. Strong. Fierce. Beautiful. He's mine. Always.

"Squirrel?"

“Nah. Something different. I thought we could try it together. See what we think.” His features darken. “Dad won’t approve.”

I’m done past caring what Dad will and won’t approve of.

“Smells good. I can’t wait.”

He grins as he plates the food. I don’t recognize the long, thick piece of meat, but it makes my mouth water. He uses a fork and knife to cut it into bite-sized pieces.

“We can try it together,” he says as he hands me a juicy piece. “But I must tell you what it is first. In case you decide you don’t want to eat it.”

I frown. Whatever Laska does, I do too. There is no opposition with him. “I’ll eat it.”

“That man…” His eyes flash with hatred. “I wanted to torture him, but he died too soon. What he did to you was wrong. You’re mine and I should have protected you. Never again will you leave my side, little ember. If we need supplies in town, you’re coming with me.”

I nod emphatically. I won’t be left behind again. Not ever again.

“The animals had got in on him, but I managed to retrieve this from him.”

Human.

Dad said only animals.

I shake away Dad’s words and focus on Laska. “His cock?”

“I feel like he owes it to you. To us. He took what should have been ours and now we take back from him.”

I put the piece of meat into my mouth. It tastes like Old Bay. I like it. After I chew it up and swallow, I reach over to the plate and take another piece. Laska’s eyes are alight with a madness I want to roll up inside of and never escape from. He eats a piece and grins as he chews.

“I have another gift for you,” he tells me as we finish off our meal.

I push the plate away and straddle his lap. There are too many clothes on him and my cock is seeping at the tip with the need to be inside of him. He grins as he grips my naked dick.

“Someone likes his presents,” my brother croons. “Always smiles so big for them. It makes me want to give you presents all the time.”

“Your ass is the only present I want right now,” I growl.

He laughs, deep and throaty. “I’ve created a monster.”

“Your monster.”

“Yes, mine,” he agrees, sucking on my bottom lip and grabbing my bare ass. “I’ll let you have my ass and then I want your juicy lips on my dick. Deal?”

“Anything for you,” I murmur against his mouth. “Just get naked already.”

I’m like an animal as I strip him down. He smells good like he’s recently bathed. It makes me want to dirty him up again. Being inside of him is even better than last night. Each time feels more addictive than the first. It’s not long before I come and then I’m kissing my way down to his dick.

“That’s it,” he coaxes, his hands in my hair. “Suck my dick, little ember.”

I lick the salty tip, loving the way he whimpers. Those whimpers will be the death of me. My tongue licks every inch of him from tip to base to balls. Eventually, I wrap my lips around his cock and slide down his length until it makes me gag. Slobber goes everywhere and makes him messy, which I love. This seems to spur him on because his hips thrust up, forcing me to gag some more. My eyes water and I can hardly breathe, but it feels good the way he loses control and ravages my throat. When I think I might suffocate, he groans with his release. A salty burst of cum hits my throat and I greedily drink down every drop. Once I’m sure I’ve licked him dry, I find his mouth again, eager for his praise.

“You’re so good at that,” he murmurs. “I can’t wait to take your ass one day, Asp.”

I can’t wait either.

Epilogue
Aspen
Six months later…

We've grown stronger.

Tougher.

More resilient than ever.

It's in the meat. I'm sure of it. I tell Laska every chance I get. The Old Bay seasoning makes it so mouthwateringly addictive. Sometimes, though, I think I could eat it raw. Straight from the bone. I'm afraid to tell him this. I don't want to ever scare my brother away.

"Don't fret," he whispers, his mouth near my ear. "You're safe with me."

My dick aches inside my pants. I know this. I've never been in danger again since the night we came together.

"Follow me," he instructs, his voice getting lost in the wind.

I creep behind my brother as we round the back of the small house. I'm no stranger to coming to town now. Laska made good on his promise and showed me all sorts of things. While I enjoy coming with him rather than being left, I always love when we get back to our cabin. It's home and where we belong.

"Your gift is ready." He stops in front of a door to lean in close. Our lips meet for a frenzied kiss. When he'd left me for twenty minutes to go inside, I'd panicked a little, but then I remembered his promise. He would never leave me again.

"What is it?" I ask.

He grabs my hand and slides open the door. I allow him to guide me through the dark home. There are muffled sounds coming from a room. He pushes into the room and I frown.

A woman.

Tied to a chair.

Crying.

I'm not interested in women. Only him. I start to tug on his hand, wanting to leave, but he stops me.

"Look, little ember."

I regard the woman. Her. It's her. Mom. I freeze, unable to move or speak or react.

"Why?" I croak out. "How?"

He ignores her pleas that are garbled behind her gag. “You were so sad when she left us, Asp. I came to town all those times looking for her. At one time, I thought I’d bring her back with us so you’d be happy.” He grins beautifully at me. “But you don’t need her anymore, do you?”

“I have you,” I tell him fiercely. “I only need you.”

Mom cries harder, but I’m immune.

She left us.

“Good boy,” he says. “Now what do you want to do about your gift?”

I turn away from him slowly and regard the woman who easily threw us away. Her eyes widen and she starts screaming. I take a step forward. Then another. Withdrawing my knife, I watch as her tears streak down her cheeks.

“Sometimes,” I tell my brother, “I don’t want to cook them. Does that make me strange?”

We often kill men passing through our woods. Dad and Juniper have even eaten with us before, though they don’t know what we feed them. The meat of men is what makes us strong and able to live in the wilderness without fear.

“I wonder that too,” he admits.

“Do you think the women taste differently?” I cock my head at our mother. “Do you think one that birthed us tastes sweeter than the rest?”

“You taste sweet,” he teases, hugging me from behind and nipping at my neck. “Especially your cock.”

Mom gags and squirms, but my brother is excellent with rope. She’s not going anywhere.

I start sawing at her shirt, wanting to access her stomach. I think the meat is the best there. The muscles are just tight enough to provide some grit, but not so tight you have to gnaw forever like you would the hamstring. Plus, we came from her stomach. It feels right.

She screams when I start cutting a good filet from her jiggly stomach. When she lived in the woods, her body was firm. Living in town has made her lazy. I cut off the piece and then saw it in two. We ignore her screams as I feed my brother a piece of Mom. His brows furrow and I wonder if it’s because it’s raw. I take the other piece, pushing it onto my tongue. The metallic taste sends a thrill down my spine.

“Mom doesn’t taste like Old Bay,” I say as I chew her flesh. “She tastes kind of bland.”

My brother chuckles. “It’s a good thing I brought this then.” He retrieves the canister from his pocket.

“You’re too good to me,” I tell him. “I love you.”

“Love you too, little ember.”

She screams again when I saw off another piece of her fat stomach. This time, sprinkled with Old Bay, she tastes much better.

“We better save some for Dad,” I tell Laska. “I think he’d like that.”

“Tell him it’s rabbit,” Laska says with a laugh.

“Or squirrel.”

“Elephant.”

We both cackle. And then I see the look in his eyes. The need. The desire. The intense craving. He attacks me, his mouth nipping and tasting the remnants of our mother on my tongue. It’s a frantic race to undress and then he maneuvers me until I’m on the ground. I’m on my hands and knees, prone to my brother, just the way I now love.

“Stay,” he tells me with a smile in his voice as he walks over to Mom. “Don’t mind if I use some of this?” He shoves his hand into the hole in her stomach and coats it with her blood. “Don’t worry, Mom. Unlike you, we’ll be back. I just need to fuck your son really quick and then we’ll finish supper.”

He turns to me, coating his cock with the bloody lubricant. I groan when I feel the tip of his cock at my hole. Slowly, unlike the horrible man in the forest, my brother eases his dick inside me. With care and complete love, he fucks me like he owns me. And he does. I own him too. We’re whole now.

We watch Mom cry as he fucks me right into an orgasm. My cum shoots out all over the carpet as he fills my ass with his warm seed. I’ll never get enough of Laska. Not ever. He pulls out of me and then helps me to my feet. We kiss messily and then we turn to look at Mom.

Our movements are slow.

Dangerous.

Filled with promise.

We’re going to eat her alive.

She’ll never run away again because she’ll be right with us always.

“What are you thinking about, little ember?”

Fire inside my belly warms me. I smile at him because he loves it when I smile my thanks for the gifts he gives me.

"Laska. Always Laska."

The End

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About Author K Webster

K Webster is a *USA Today* Bestselling author. Her titles have claimed many bestseller tags in numerous categories, are translated in multiple languages, and have been adapted into audiobooks. She lives in "Tornado Alley" with her husband, two children, and her baby dog named Blue. When she's not writing, she's reading, drinking copious amounts of coffee, and researching aliens.

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